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1883.

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784-787

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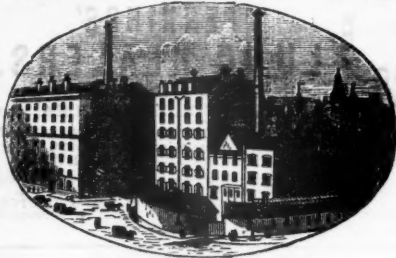
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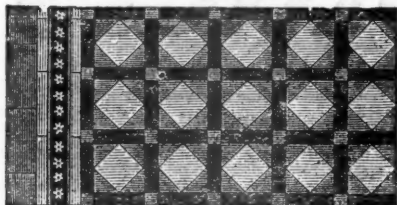
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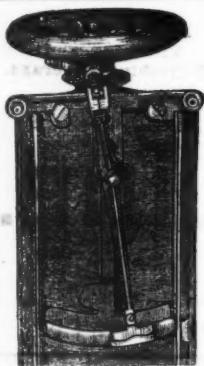
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No. 784. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

A DRAWN GAME.

BY BASIL.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE THE DEBT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX. ARCHIE'S LETTER.

A CURRENT of feeling, like a current of electricity, needs for its escape and relief a good conductor, or in other words a sympathetic confidant. Now the Rev. John was a non-conductor. In the first days of Mrs. John's bereavement, when he was himself shocked by it to the heart, he was sympathy itself. Even shell-lac, the most obstinate of all non-conductors in its normal state, becomes a fair conductor when fused. But, when the Rev. John returned to his normal state of dreaminess, he ceased to be, so to speak, a good conductor. Poor Mrs. John, who could really think and talk of nothing else but Archie's sufferings and his heroic silence thereabout (for the Rev. John had told her of his caution to the child not to trouble her with his troubles), was parched with thirst for sympathy, when her husband had got back to the clouds. Just then in happy time came the relief of a visit from our friend Cochin. That young gentleman having with many others been withdrawn from Gretstane College upon the exposure of the principal's severity, wrote on his return home to the Rev. John a letter marked by really fine feeling. It was full of trivial fond records of Archie's generosity and affection, and, among other instances, told simply of Archie's farewell kiss and present on the morning of his disappearance, which one of the boys lying half-awake had seen without understanding.

This letter Mrs. John read over and wept over many times a day, and answered forthwith by an urgent and loving invitation to Herbert Tandy to visit them, that she might thank him in person for all his

goodness to her boy. It must be confessed that Cochin accepted the invitation with great searchings of heart. It seemed hard to have to spend the interval between leaving one school and being sent to another in a house of woe. But his good-nature and his love for Archie prevailed and were rewarded. Mrs. John was a new experience to him. Cochin's stepmother (his own mother died in his infancy)—a young and pretty, but coarse and shrill shrew—was an abomination unto him. Therefore, as we say, Mrs. John, a lady to the very tips of the fingers, was a new experience to him, and made such an impression on his impressionable boyhood, that in after years he measured every woman by his memory of Mrs. John. In after years, also, he looked back upon these days of his visit to Chirnside as the happiest of his life. For Mrs. John even in grief, which is selfish as love, thought of herself last. Immediately upon the receipt of Cochin's acceptance of the invitation she walked over to the squire's. His wife, Mrs. Risley, patronised her own husband and a fortiori Mrs. John, but with this difference—she patronised her husband to his face, but Mrs. John behind her back. She could no more speak to Mrs. John as she spoke of her, than she could speak of her husband as she spoke to him. There was something in this gentle little woman which quelled Mrs. Risley, and kept her at a quiet distance when they were together. It may be supposed, therefore, that Mrs. John little liked asking a favour of Mrs. Risley, nor would she have asked one from her for Archie himself, if he were alive. But for Archie's friend she asked one. There was nothing she would not have done to make this boy, who had been as a brother to her child, happy. Therefore Mrs. John marched off straightway to Mrs. Risley,

told her, without giving way, of all Herbert Tandy's goodness to Archie, and even allowed her—though not without a sense of desecration—to read the sacred letter. When it had made a due impression on Mrs. Risley, who, indeed, was moved by it, Mrs. John spoke of the lad's visit to them, of the certainty of his being moped to death in their sad house, and of her hope that Mrs. Risley would ask him up to shoot, and so on, with her son and heir. Here-upon Mrs. Risley did a thing which her dearest friend would never have expected from her. She rose and kissed Mrs. John! This little woman had got as deep into her heart as anyone outside the sacred circle of her family had ever penetrated, and the patient pain in her face melted the ice already softened by the letter.

So it came about that Cochin's Chirnside days were the happiest of his life. The young squire, who was his junior by a year, took to him so extraordinarily that he would have had him spend every day and all day at the Hall; but Cochin, as a matter not of mere politeness but of preference, gave hours to Mrs. John. In these hours Mrs. John, strangely enough, extorted from him, again and again, accounts of Archie's sufferings at the hands of Kett and Skunk. In truth we believe that the little woman, who was profoundly religious, was anxious to hear these revolting details in justification or extenuation of his suicide, if that horrible suspicion were true; and that it might possibly be true she was forced to admit to herself, when she heard how ill and feverish the child had been the day before. He probably was delirious on that fatal morning. Why should he take off his coat and waistcoat merely to cross a ford? Or why should he attempt a ford, waist deep, in swift swirling water, to save half a mile? The child was certainly delirious. So she argued with herself upon the supposition of his death. But that he was not dead at all she argued with the Rev. John and Cochin, in the hope of convincing herself through them. It is astonishing how many people in this way take, so to speak, the reflections of themselves for independent witnesses. The Rev. John listened to her theory that Archie was lying ill in some workhouse, without either combating or agreeing with it, though he wrote for her satisfaction to the masters of all the work-houses within a radius of twenty miles of Duxhaven.

Now Cochin, to please her, would

run to meet the post each morning that she might have her letters a minute or two sooner, and be put by that space out of the pain of suspense. So it came about that the lad was at last the happy bearer of Archie's letter.

He tore madly back to the house, into the dining-room, drawing-room, study, and then headlong upstairs to her room, utterly disregarding the Rev. John, who, seeing him dart in and out of the study like a hunted creature, had a dim idea that he had gone mad. Mrs. John, when she heard the boy shouting, "Mrs. Pybus," in a frenzied voice as he flew up the stairs, knew it was news of Archie. She hurried out of her room, met him in the passage, and heard him gasp, "Pete! Pete!" in a voice of intense excitement, as he thrust the letter into her hands. She leaned dizzy and bewildered against the room door, the blood rushed in a spring-tide to her head, and next moment, as in a neap-tide, rushed back, leaving her white and cold as marble. She stared at the envelope, but could not see the well-known hand, or realise the news it told, for a mist was before her eyes and her mind. Cochin was shocked at his inconsiderateness and its effects, and called out for the Rev. John, who, hurrying up, helped Mrs. John to her room.

An hour later Mrs. John came down and kissed Cochin in the fulness of her great joy, and handed him Archie's letter to read. It was quite a long letter, the work of hours, written at intervals as his strength permitted, in a very large, round, tremulous, and uncertain hand.

"4, Locomotive Terrace, Horseheaton.

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have run away from school. I couldn't help it. I fell down on the line and the driver stopped his engine, and took me up on his engine. His wife's name is Liz. She is so kind. She sits up every night with me. The doctor says I shall soon be quite well. The doctor says I should have died only for Liz. Liz wants you to come. Do come, dear mother. I shall go back to school if you like; but Liz says you won't send me back when you know what kind of place it is. Liz says you will not be angry with me when you hear the place it is, but I can't tell you all about it in a letter. Dear mother, do come. Liz says I have been a long time ill, but I don't remember. If you can't come soon, do write when you get this. The man took all your letters, the man who took my coat, and waistcoat,

and boots. They were my best boots. Liz says she is sure you will come when you get this. She says when I tell you what kind of place it is you will not send me back. Uncle told me not to tell you about it, but Liz says he did not know what kind of place it is. She says when I tell you what kind of place it is, you will not send me back again. Liz says you are sure to come when you get this. I hope you will come when you get this. Liz sends her respects. She says she thinks you will be here to-morrow.—Your affectionate son,

"ARCHIE."

Here was a tremendous letter for a child, and a sick child, to write; but Archie yearned so for his mother, that the day's work—and it was a whole day's work—was a labour of love to him. When he heard that it couldn't go before night, he appeased his impatience by adding to it now and again as his strength allowed; and when he could think of nothing more to say, he wrote the address in a vast hand at the top of the letter, and Mrs. John's address with greater pains and in smaller letters on the envelope, the two performances taking up the last half-hour. His illness had left him much more a child in mind and body than it had found him.

Mrs. John, when she handed Cochin the letter, was dressed for her journey, though she had not yet thrown her things together, for she had spent much of the hour on her knees. Now, however, the amazed Martha was sent to pack such things as she herself thought right, for Mrs. John could do nothing but oscillate between the hall-door to look out for the cab and the study to re-read the letter and wonder to her husband about Archie's illness, what it was, if he were out of danger, and whether Dr. Grice could spare the time to go and see him.

Dr. Grice answered for himself. Calling at that moment he was told the news, shown the letter, and volunteered to accompany Mrs. John. He was now a busy man, and locally a great man, but there was no patient he would not offend for Mrs. John's sake. Protesting that he had hardly a name on his note-book for that day, he carried off Mrs. John straightway in his carriage.

Thus, in five hours from the receipt of the letter, Mrs. John held Archie in her arms, while Dr. Grice, leaving them together, sought out the local doctor, to explain and apologise for his intrusion. Dr. Grice was so widely known that the

local doctor was highly flattered by being associated with him in a consultation, and the two set out together for Mrs. Schofield's.

Their verdict was that the child was well out of danger, but not so far as to make it safe to move him—a very acceptable verdict to Liz, who was still more gratified to hear Dr. Grice say to Mrs. Pybus:

"It's been touch and go, Mrs. John, and but for the nursing it would have been 'go'—eh, doctor?"

"The most devoted and indefatigable nurse, Mrs. Pybus, I assure you," pronounced Dr. Steele in his grandest manner. "Mrs. Schofield has nursed the child night and day till she has so worn herself down as to need to be nursed herself."

Mrs. John—must we confess it?—felt an acute pang of jealousy of Mrs. Schofield shoot through her heart. But she so mastered it that next moment she took the good woman's hand in both her own, and thanked her with sincere tears.

Mrs. Schofield was also jealous and also wept, for uppermost in her mind was the thought of losing the child.

Of this, however, there was no immediate fear. Nor did Archie take a final leave of these Good Samaritans, when he was at last well enough to be moved. Not a year of his boyhood passed without his spending a week or two with Ben, to whom he went to school for the study of engine-driving in all its branches—an art, the mastery of which was one day to stand him in good stead. Horseheaton was the depôt of the railway company which turns out the finest locomotives in England: the factory, hospital, and stable of its engines, and, therefore, the paradise of a child like Archie, who thought engine-driving the summit of human happiness and glory. When there, he was always on the foot-plate, not, indeed, of Ben's engine—for Ben was too good a driver, and had too good a character to lose, to take the lad often on his giant express—but on that of some pilot or shunting engine. Then he would always meet Ben at the station, and was often permitted to run the express into the shed. Here he would ask Ben such a host of intelligent questions as amazed and delighted that enthusiastic driver. He thought the boy the most brilliant genius because of the progress he made in Ben's own beloved science.

"There's yon lad," he would say reproachfully to his fireman, who indeed was a mere machine; "there's yon lad, he's

nobbut a child, and has had no eddication, as a body may say, no reglar eddication, and he knows more abaat an engine nor thee, that's been fitter and fireman a matter of nine year or better. He fair caps* me he does. Allus at schooil with niver no chance of larnin' owt that is owt, wi' nobbut a week or two in t' year to pick up a bit of knowledge, an' yet he beats thee, aw tell thee, all to nowt. He'll mak more steam aat of a paand of coil than thee aat of a ton."

Not a literal allusion to Archie's actual proficiency as a fireman, but a metaphorical one to his making so much of such scant opportunities. And, indeed, Archie in his sixteenth year had become such a master of the noble art that Ben would rather have trusted him than his fireman to keep the "gas," as he called it, at an even pressure, up hill or down dale, stopping, starting, firing, feeding, for a run of one hundred miles. It was Ben's ideal to see the needle of the pressure-gauge stick at one hundred and forty pounds from start to finish.

But to return to Mrs. John.

The full tide of her joy on the recovery of Archie having subsided a little, left bare the ugly anxiety—how to keep him. For a moment she entertained the idea of concealing his resurrection from Mr. Tuck and the world, but not even her love and fears for Archie could reconcile her to the falsehood and injustice of such a deceit. This plan having been put aside in the moment of its conception, she thought next of writing to Mr. Tuck a letter apologetic, pitiful, appealing, begging to be allowed to adopt the child. Such a letter, had she written it, would probably have succeeded. Mr. Tuck would, no doubt, on first thoughts have been moved by its pitiful and apologetic tone to bluster back a peremptory refusal of a favour; but, on second thoughts, he would probably have been more influenced by the prospect of being rid of the child for ever, and of all the expense, responsibility, and disgrace attaching to him. For he felt keenly the disgrace of the exposure in the papers.

However, Dr. Grice wouldn't hear of this idea.

"If you write so," he said in his decisive way, "he'll be certain you want the boy for something you can make out of him, and he'll suspect you of some scheme of extortion or other. A fellow like that, who has no heart himself, thinks that a

heart is a hypocritical name for a gizzard for grinding what grist you can get hold of. Besides, he's an old woman, and I needn't tell *you*, Mrs. John, that whining and wheedling is the worst way to make an old woman do what you want. You must go to work in a businesslike way. You must first make Mr. Pybus write him a formal letter, curt without being discourteous, announcing merely that his nephew has been found, that he is recovering slowly from a fever, accelerated and aggravated by his treatment at Gretstane College, and that he is not yet in a fit state to be moved. Then it's ten to one he'll write back a blustering letter like his last, washing his hands of the boy, or threatening to send him to a reformatory, or some other hysterical rubbish. Then, if you affect to be frightened into an offer to adopt the boy, he'll be proud and pleased to think he has trapped you into a bad bargain."

A suggestion of the doctor's was a law to Mrs. John. Such a letter as he advised was sent, and answered almost in the very words he suggested. Even the reformatory was mentioned in it. Mr. Tuck's answer, however, to the proposal of adoption was not so precisely according to the doctor's programme. It neither gave nor withheld consent to the proposal, but ignoring it altogether, simply disclaimed henceforth all responsibility, pecuniary or other, in connection with the boy, and concluded with the insolent menace that attempts at extortion would be referred to his solicitor.

In truth, Mr. Tuck forgot prudence in his rage at Archie's resurrection—a rage made more furious by a motive to be disclosed presently. Within an hour after his receipt of the Pybus proposal to adopt the child, his answer was posted; for weak people take haste—one of the feeblest forms of weakness—for strength. Hardly, however, was the letter posted, than Mr. Tuck regretted a precipitancy which was certain to cast back the boy on his hands; and not until a fortnight had passed without the expected retraction of his proposal from the Rev. John, did Mr. Tuck lose his terror of the post.

Thus Mr. Tuck had the best reasons in the world for persuading himself and others of his nephew's infamy; for if there had been nothing disgraceful in Archie's conduct, there must have been a good deal in that of Mr. Tuck. Besides, we have the united authority of Tacitus, Seneca, Dryden,

* "Caps"—i.e. surprises.

and George Herbert for the maxim, "The offender never pardons." Weak men, it is true, are not usually implacable or strong in hate any more than in love; but, on the other hand, no man is so zealous in his religion, and in the persecution of its blasphemers, as he who makes a god of himself; and Mr. Tuck was a fanatic of this faith. Now religious people are always most implacable towards those who suggest doubts on doctrines of which these believers themselves are not absolutely assured. At bottom it is not so much the assault on religion, as the assault on their own peace of mind, which they resent. It was this feeling which made Mr. Tuck loathe the mere mention of Archie's name, as the suggestion of a doubt upon a weak point in his faith.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH, PART THE SECOND.

AS an acting play the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth has enjoyed much less of popularity than was accorded to the First Part. Sequels are apt to suffer from lack of freshness; the absence of Hotspur is much felt in the second drama, and Falstaff reappears with some decrease of his original force and effectiveness. The presence of Shallow is a great gain; but there is loss of action, and interest, and of novelty of characterisation; the tone of the later play is less chivalrous than contemplative. The Second Part was first published in 1600, in quarto, the title-page describing the work as "The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the Fifth, with the humours of Sir John Falstaffe and swaggering Pistol; as it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." The version of the play in the first folio, or the collected edition of the plays published in 1623, is supposed to have been printed not from the quarto, but from a transcript of the original manuscript; it contains passages of considerable length, some of these being accounted among the finest in the play, which are not to be found in the quarto. The editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare hold that, while the folio affords occasional readings which seem preferable to those of the quarto, the quarto is, nevertheless, to be regarded as having the higher critical value.

William Kemp, the original Dogberry, is supposed to have been also the original

representative of Justice Shallow, but no evidence on the subject is now forthcoming. In the quarto edition of the play, at the beginning of the fourth scene of the fifth act, occurs the stage direction: "Enter Sincklo and three or four officers." Sincklo, or Sincklowe, was an inferior member of the company, whose name occurs also in the Third Part of King Henry the Sixth, and in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*; he performed very small parts, and could have ranked as little higher than a supernumerary. His is the only name, however, that has come down to us in connection with the first cast of the play. In the second scene of the first act the word "old" appears prefixed to one of Falstaff's locutions, and Stevens suggested that "old" might be the first syllable of the name of the actor who originally assumed the character. Theobald was more correct, probably, in his supposition that Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, and that "the play being printed from the stage-manuscript, Oldcastle had all along been altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight; of which the printers not being aware continued these initial traces of the original name." Sir John Oldcastle had been much about the person of Prince Hal, and had on many accounts made himself extremely hateful to the clergy, who availed themselves of every opportunity therefore to encourage representations holding him up to scorn and ridicule. "I am convinced," writes Davies, "that Oldcastle was made the jack-pudding in all the common interludes of public exhibition; he was a liar, a glutton, a profane swearer, and a coward; in short, anything that might render him odious to the common people." It is believed that Shakespeare, in compliance with this view of Oldcastle, assigned his name to the fat knight. But with the Reformation came a great change in the general estimation of Oldcastle. The Protestants claimed him as a proto-martyr in their cause; it was by no means Shakespeare's desire to offend any of his public; he took pains forthwith to substitute the name of Falstaff for that of Oldcastle. That there might be no mistake in the matter, he required the speaker of his epilogue to state, after promising to continue the story with Sir John in it and make the spectators merry with fair Katharine of France, when Falstaff should "die of a sweat," if already he was not killed with their hard opinion, that "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not

the man." It will be remembered that in the First Part of the play, the Prince addresses Falstaff as, "My old lad of the castle." It was also by an oversight, probably, that this expression, already pointing to the name the fat knight had originally borne, was suffered to remain in the text.

Whatever success the Second Part may have enjoyed in Shakespeare's time, and for some years afterwards, there is no trace of its speedy revival upon the re-opening of the theatre at the Restoration. It seems, indeed, that it did not reappear upon the stage until early in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1720, at Drury Lane, the play was presented, the bills announcing that it had not been performed for seven-teen years. It was described as "written by Shakespeare and revised by Betterton." Early in the eighteenth century, no doubt, Betterton had appeared as the Falstaff both of the First and Second Parts; but the Falstaff of 1720 was Mills; Booth appearing as the King; Wilks as the Prince; Cibber as Shallow; Theophilus Cibber as the Duke of Clarence; Norris as Pistol; the popular comedian, Joe Miller, as Silence; and Pinkethman, charged also with the delivery of the epilogue in character, as Feeble, the woman's tailor. In favour of Betterton's edition of the play there is not much to be said. He wholly omits the scene at Warkworth before Northumberland's castle in the first and second acts, the opening scene of the third act, and the first and fourth scenes of the fifth act. The Earl of Northumberland is excised from the list of *dramatis personæ*. Falstaff is rebuked, but is not committed to the Fleet Prison by the Lord Chief Justice. To the fifth act is tacked on the first act, in an abridged form, of King Henry the Fifth, with the scene at Southampton in the second act of the same play. In 1731 the play was again presented at Drury Lane, when Mills appeared as the King. Resigning the part of Falstaff to Harper, the younger Mills personated the Prince of Wales. Boman appeared as the Lord Chief Justice. Shallow was still represented by Cibber, whose son, Theophilus, now played Pistol for the first time; and the comedian Oates "doubled" the characters of Poin and Feeble. It is evident that this was still Betterton's acting edition of the play, for the Archbishop of Canterbury appears in the list of the *dramatis personæ*, and the Archbishop, in strictness, pertains to the first act of King Henry the Fifth, and has no place

in the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

Davies, in his *Miscellanæ*, relates that after the old actor Doggett had ceased to be concerned in the direction of Drury Lane, Booth, Wilks, and Cibber, as managers, assigned to the comedian Johnson, by way of exhibiting their particular respect for him, the more important of the characters Doggett had been accustomed to sustain. Among these was Justice Shallow. Johnson falling ill, however, Cibber, who had been casting longing eyes upon the part, took possession of it, and so gratified his public by his manner of representing it that he retained possession of it so long as he remained upon the stage. Cibber, with, perhaps, some affectation of modesty, professed to be in many of his characters but the imitator of the players by whom they had previously been represented. His Justice Shallow may, therefore, have been simply a close copy of Doggett's performance of the part. It is certain, however, as Davies states, that no audience was ever more fixed in deep attention at his first appearance, or more shaken with laughter in the progress of the scene, than at Colley Cibber's exhibition of this ridiculous justice of the peace. . . . "Surely no actor or audience was better pleased with each other. His manner was so perfectly simple, his look so vacant, when he questioned his cousin Silence about the price of ewes, and lamented in the same breath, with silly surprise, the death of Old Double, that it will be impossible for any surviving spectator not to smile at the remembrance of it. His want of ideas occasions Shallow to repeat almost everything he says. Cibber's transition from asking the price of bullocks to trite but grave reflections on mortality, was so natural, and attended with such an unmeaning roll of his small pig's eyes, accompanied with an important utterance of tick! tick! tick! not much louder than the balance of a watch's pendulum, that I question if any actor was ever superior in the conception or expression of such solemn insignificancy." After the retirement of Cibber, the veteran Johnson was permitted an opportunity of resuming his old part, and although he was now between seventy and eighty, something of his former force and skill remained to him. "Though the old hound had lost almost all his teeth," writes a critic, "he was still so staunch that he seized his game and held it fast." Of Cibber, it is reported, Johnson

never spoke with complacency. Probably the old actor held that for nearly twenty years the unfair action of the management had deprived him of one of his best parts. Theophilus Cibber had been instructed by his father how to represent Ancient Pistol. Cibber took "unusual pains with the young man," we are told. No actor ever gained so much applause in the part, says Davies. "He assumed a peculiar kind of false spirit and uncommon blustering, with such turgid action and long unmeasurable strides, that it was impossible not to laugh at so extravagant a figure, with such loud and grotesque vociferation. He became so famous for his action in this part that he acquired the name of Pistol, at first as a mark rather of merit, but finally as a term of ridicule." In his *Historical Register* for 1736, Fielding caricatures both the Cibbers, bringing them upon the stage, the father as Ground-Dog, the poet, and the son as Pistol. Hogarth caricatured Theophilus Cibber with others of the comedians who revolted from the patentees of Drury Lane in 1733, and a burlesque of the actor was presented at that date at Covent Garden Theatre in the anonymous "tragi-comi-farical ballad opera" of *The Stage Mutineers*; or, a *Playhouse to be Let*, his personator being Aston, a son of the more famous Aston, who wrote a *Brief Supplement to Cibber's Apology*. The elderly actor, Boman, the contemporary of Betterton, rendered importance, it was said, to the character of the Chief Justice, maintaining "the serious deportment of the judge with the graceful ease of the gentleman." Davies pronounced that all the actors of his time who had been allotted the part of the King and the Prince had been "fortunate in engaging the attention and raising the affections of their auditors." Booth as the King, and Wilks as the Prince, were both "highly accomplished, and understood dignity and grace of action and deportment, with all the tender passions of the heart, in a superior degree." Mills and Milward, who succeeded to the part of the King, were both competent actors, the latter being especially skilled in the exhibition of pathos. "His countenance was finely expressive of grief, and the plaintive tones of his voice were admirably adapted to the languor of a dying person and to the speech of an offended yet affectionate parent." The younger Mills, who imitated the manner of Wilks in playing the Prince, though by no means equal to his exemplar, was held to be above mediocrity.

In 1736, at Drury Lane, on the occasion of his benefit, Quin appeared as Falstaff in the Second Part, when certain of the scenes omitted by Betterton were restored to the stage, and Quin delivered a prologue, said to have been written by Betterton when he first revived the play. It was probably an adapted version of the prologue written by Dryden for his arrangement of *Troilus and Cressida*, and delivered by Betterton upon the first performance of that work in 1769. In 1738, the Drury Lane audience had an opportunity of seeing the First and Second Parts performed upon successive nights. Quin and Mills, the younger, were the Falstaff and Prince of both plays; but Milward, the Hotspur of the First Part, was the King of the Second. The comedians Johnson and Joe Miller were now the carriers, and now Shallow and Silence. Apparently, Betterton's version was not employed upon this occasion, but the original text was preferred. The Archbishop of Canterbury is not included in the cast. The Second Part was reproduced in 1749, when Delane played the King and Ryan the Prince of Wales; and again in 1758, for the benefit of Woodward, who attempted the part of Falstaff, Garrick for the first time appearing as the King, with Palmer as the Prince, and Yates as Shallow. In personating King Henry, "Garrick's figure did not assist him," as Davies writes; "but the forcible expression of his countenance and his energy of utterance made ample amends for defect of person. To describe the anguish, mixed with terror, which he seemed to feel when he cast up his eyes to heaven and pronounced the words, 'How I came by the crown, O God, forgive me!' would call for the pencil of a Raphael or a Reynolds." Yates was found to give great pleasure as Shallow, without being so absolutely just in the delineation of the part as his predecessor Johnson.

The production of the Second Part at Covent Garden, in 1760, with Shuter as Falstaff, seems to have owed its success chiefly to a grand pageant which followed the play, and which represented the coronation of King George the Third in Westminster Abbey. The play obtained twenty-two performances, other of Shakespeare's plays, King John, Henry the Fifth, and Richard the Third, being also adorned with the supplementary spectacle of the coronation, and enjoying many representations and special favour on that account. At Drury Lane, forty years

later, the promising young actor, Powell, played the King, Holland appearing as the Prince of Wales, and Tom King as Pistol. Davies writes of this performance: "Though Garrick, from a mean jealousy, a passion which constantly preyed on his mind, denied to Powell the merit of understanding the pathos of the famous scene with the Prince, the audience thought far otherwise, and by their tears and applause justified the action of that very pleasing tragedian." A performance of the play at Covent Garden in 1773, for the benefit of Mrs. Lessingham, an admired actress of that period, was chiefly remarkable for the fact that the lady, "by desire," as the playbills said, assumed the character of the Prince of Wales to the King of an anonymous gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage. Shuter was the Falstaff, and Woodward the Justice Shallow for that night only. The next Falstaff in the Second Part was Henderson, a very famous Falstaff. This was at Drury Lane in 1777, where Bensley played the King, Palmer reappeared as the Prince, the Pistol was Baddeley, and the Silence Parsons, who at a later date assumed the part of Shallow, "with that happy mirth and glee which is sure to captivate an audience," notes Davies, and he asks, "Who can be grave when Parsons either looks or speaks?"

At Covent Garden in 1804, the Second Part was represented by a very strong company; "the play was particularly well acted," commented Genest, who presumably was present upon the occasion. George Frederick Cooke appeared for the first time as Falstaff in this play. There had been some delay in producing the work because of the indisposition, or in other words the intoxication of Cooke; but, as his biographer records, he played the part at last with a brilliancy as an actor, which almost made us forget the clouds which obscured the man." John and Charles Kemble personated the King and the Prince; Munden was the Shallow, Blanchard the Pistol; Emery appeared as Silence, Henry Siddons as the Earl of Westmoreland, Murray as the Chief Justice, and Mrs. Davenport as Mrs. Quickly. Macready notes that Kemble as the King produced but little effect in the play; owing to his being "too ill," he was only "partially and imperfectly heard." Macready was of course only repeating what he learnt from critics who were present upon the occasion. It was in 1821

at Covent Garden that Macready was first called upon to assume the character. He had begged hard to be excused from appearing in it; he doubted the possibility of his succeeding when Garrick and Kemble had comparatively failed; moreover, the coronation of Henry the Fifth in the last act was to be represented with special splendour relatively to the coronation of George the Fourth, then about to be accomplished, and the actor feared that the audience would be so eager for the pageant with which the play was to close, that they would pay little heed to the play itself. But his objections were disregarded, and he resolved to do his best with the part. "It was necessary," he wrote, "to support the cast with the whole strength of the company, and I could not be left out of the leading tragic part. To every line in it I gave the most deliberate attention, and felt the full power of its pathos. The audience hung intently on every word, and two distinct rounds of applause followed the close of the soliloquy on sleep, as I sank down upon the couch. The same tribute was evoked by the line, 'Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought!' which, I may say, was uttered directly from the heart. The admission of the perfect success of the performance was without dissent, and it was after being present at one of its representations that Lord Carlisle wished me to be introduced to him. He had seen and remembered Garrick in the part, and said very kind things of me in reference to it." At this time Fawcett appeared as Falstaff, Charles Kemble as the Prince, Blanchard as Pistol, Farren as Shallow, Emery as Silence, and Mrs. Davenport as Mrs. Quickly. The revival of the play rewarded the managers with crowded houses for many nights; "nor was this," Macready writes, "attributable to the pageant only: the acting was of the highest order."

Macready's signal success in the scene closing the fourth act of the Second Part, led to his occasionally presenting that portion of the play in a detached form; an unwise proceeding, quite apart from the injury done to Shakespeare, for it lent justification to Mr. Bunn's application that the tragedian would appear in three acts only of King Richard the Third, presented as an afterpiece. A desperate quarrel and a violent assault by the actor upon the manager followed, with an action in the Sheriff's Court, which gave Mr. Bunn one hundred and fifty pounds damages for the

injuries inflicted upon him. Macready acted in "the dying scene," as it is called, of the Second Part in 1843, for the benefit of the Siddons Memorial Fund; in 1845, at the Opera Comique, Paris, for the benefit of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Authors; in 1850, at Bristol, playing Lord Townley afterwards upon the occasion of his farewell benefit in that city. For Mrs. Warner's benefit, during her tenancy of the Marylebone Theatre, he also gave King Henry's dying scene, the lady appearing for that night only as the Prince of Wales. It was Macready's early success as King Henry that led to his being portrayed in that character by Jackson. The picture was originally included in the collection formed by Charles Mathews, the elder of that name, and now possessed by the Garrick Club.

The Second Part was, of course, one of Mr. Phelps's revivals at Sadler's Wells. The part of Falstaff was assigned to Mr. Barrett, an able comedian, for many years a member of the company, and Mr. Phelps with peculiar success "doubled" the characters of the King and Justice Shallow. The actor's Shallow was indeed counted among the best of his more comic and eccentric impersonations. In 1876, at the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre, a version of King Henry the Fifth was produced prefaced by the closing passages of the Second Part, including the death of Henry the Fourth and the pageant of the coronation of Henry the Fifth. Upon this occasion Mr. Phelps appeared as King Henry the Fourth. No portion of the Second Part has since been seen upon the stage.

DRAWN BLANK.

THE passionate grief beside the dying bed;
The passionate longing for the vanished bliss;
The passionate yearning for the glory fled;
Of each we ask: "Can life bear worse than this?"
Aye—answer weary lips and tired eyes,
To violent sorrows, solace Nature grants;
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,
Are all its empty blanks—its hopeless wants.
When vivid lightnings flame and thunders crash,
When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to storm,
We see the beacons by the lurid flash,
The tossing spray-clouds glittering rainbows form;
But when below the sullen drip of rain,
The waters sob along the hollow shore,
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,
The dull waves gleam to living light once more.
When time saps slowly strength and hope away,
And the black gulf yawns by the lonely path,
When the dumb night creeps on the empty day,
And the one clue of all is held by death;
Look not to faded joy or lingering love,
To wake the powers youth and faith had given,
Take patiently the lot we all must prove,
Till the great bar swings back and shows us,
Heaven:

ALONG DOCKSIDE.

"A STIFF nor'-wester's blowing, Bill. Hark! don't you hear it roar now?" as the old song hath it, only it happens to be a south-wester in this case, which is much nicer for us unhappy folk on shore, there being no icy touches about it suggestive of lumbago and bronchitis, but, instead, a soft but blustering freshness; and in the roar of it we may fancy we hear the voice of the great foaming waves that have raced with the gale all across the Atlantic, waves that are now dashing and springing sky-high against the rugged cliffs, while the gale, with a howl of derision, dashes on; to whirl away the scanty dead leaves in our back gardens, and whisk people's hats off at street-corners, and to roar about the roofs of railway-stations, and to frighten sailors' wives as they lie in bed and think of shipwrecks and lee-shores at each volley of the wind, and fancy each bang and buffet upon swinging door and rattling casement a signal of distress from the wild and wasteful ocean.

Our neighbour, the skipper's wife, has been free till now from these apprehensions; for why? the skipper is safe at home, and has been for this fortnight past, while his big steamer the Rajpootana is lying safe in dock discharging, and then taking in her cargo; a time of fête for all the skipper's household, which goes off every night almost in four-wheeled cabs to the theatre, and rejoices in unlimited pocket-money. But all these joys must come to an end at last, for the Rajpootana is on the list to sail to-day, and sail she will, whether the wind blow high or low.

Now although ours is not a seafaring neighbourhood, no, nor even a riverside district, while its notions of harbours and docks are confined to a limited acquaintance with Paddington Basin, yet still we are interested in a general way in the shifts of the wind and the scrapes of the boisterous weather. Only the talk is of monsoons and hurricanes, of trade winds and typhoons; for whereabouts is that nearer India which is not mentioned by geographers old or new, but which lies somewhere between the Campden hills and the jungles of Shepherd's Bush. There is our neighbour round the corner, for instance, in Delhi Square, whose back garden, as Bunyan would say, butts down upon ours; the neighbour with the grizzled moustache, and highly baked complexion, which is beginning to grow paler and paler

under the amenities of English life; he is known to us as the major—but he is not a soldierly major, but a magistrate, a commissioner for something or other in the lands beyond the Indian mount. Well, our major, who has become quite a fixture in the neighbourhood, and the fragrance of whose cheroot, wafted over intervening back walls, has come to be a familiar fragrance, is missed all of a sudden from his accustomed hill. Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he; but is discovered sometimes this morning, hovering between his front door and a cab loaded with luggage. Bills are in the window announcing the house to let, and the furniture-vans are in waiting, to convey the major's household goods to some distant repository. All is ready for a start, all but the major's wife, who stands in the doorway, her shawls and wraps fluttering wildly in the wind, while she points tragically to the stormy sky. "I'm not going to start in this dreadful storm," she cries. "It is only a land breeze, my dear," says the major soothingly. He has burnt his boats and broken down his bridges, and is likely to forfeit heavily in passage-money unless he can get his wife along. "You know when it blows on shore, it's pretty sure to be calm at sea." The major's arguments prevail at last; he hands his wife into the cab, and they drive away.

The skipper is also on the move, casting an eye to windward as he reaches the garden-gate; but he starts on foot, with a small leathern case in one hand, and on the other side his wife, a little buxom woman, who has kept him waiting for a moment to give some last directions to the trim maid-servant at the door, while a windowful of curly-headed children upstairs are drumming on the panes and shouting incoherent farewells. And so they start off together as if they were going for a morning walk, although, as far as the skipper is concerned, thousands of miles of stormy sea lie between him and his return to his own garden-gate. And the skipper is as careful of the little case he carries as if it were his familiar fetish—being, no doubt, his chronometer, or his sextant, or his artificial horizon—anyhow, some of those amusing instruments with which seamen spy out their way—a talisman, indeed, to bring him safely back to the garden-gate, and the buxom little wife, and the curly-headed children.

As it happens we all meet at Addison Road Station—a sort of free city in the

way of railway-stations, with no absolute over-lord to domineer over passengers—a terminus where nothing terminates, and where loose ends of line from all parts of the kingdom are gathered together. The porter loudly hails us to take our seats for Manchester, Liverpool, and the north, but although Liverpool has a strongly-attractive sea-going flavour about it, and we can fancy the fresh blustering scene on the Mersey, with the big steamers at their moorings, and the little tenders with their passengers bobbing up and down, yet we are not so far afield for to-day. People sometimes forget that there is a Port of London—a port extending along the busy tideway from Gravesend to London Bridge, that can yet hold its own against—aye, and even score a point or two beyond—your boasted Liverpool, or any other of the great ports of the world. A port, however, that in the process of holding its own seems likely sometimes to part company with London altogether, as its big docks extend farther and farther down the river, but that London grapples to it again with long arms in the way of busy streets, while Ratcliffe Highway may be said to have packed itself on a tram-car, and gone off to Plaistow Marshes, and if it means to catch the seaman who sails foreign, will have to follow him soon even to Tilbury, and perhaps farther still.

But at the present time our ultima thule, in the way of sea-going London, is to be reached at the Albert Docks, although how we should be going there by way of Hampstead Heath and Kentish Town is puzzling to one who does not carry a railway-map of London neatly delineated on his brain. But we have got the skipper on board, and the major, too, and by following their lead we shall surely be landed safely at the docks. In its way a voyage round London is a pleasant and even exciting experience, with the glimpses it opens out of busy settlements encroaching on green fields, and their varied populations moving about the railway platforms: the shy maidens of Hampstead, each with a Mudie's volume on her lap; the wide-awake daughters of Camden Town, who scramble for their seats with the firm intention of not being left behind in the struggle for existence; the swarm of City men at Dalston Junction, who take the Broad Street trains by storm; and then a different strain of existence altogether as we start afresh, still keeping in the wake of the skipper and the major, through Hackney, and above its red-tiled

roofs, where steady prosperity verges on the boundaries of squalid poverty; and then Homerton, whose old-fashioned country church peers out with a lost and mazed appearance from among the freshly run-up houses. Soon a sudden bend to the southward brings us among the masts of ships in the midst of smoke and smother, and here the passengers are seafaring if you like. Bluff men burst into the carriages as if they were rushing up the shrouds. They hail their friends in the adjoining compartments as if they had met on the high seas, and were making their voices heard over the stormy waves. Here your mattress and bolster are common articles of personal luggage, and great sea-chests are slung about as though so many band-boxes. And the hats, too! The youths we have just seen rushing citywards would consider themselves lost and degraded youths if their hat brims and crowns varied a hair's-breath from the established form, but as you get dockwards you see a strange assortment of head-gear: the soft felt (the favourite variety), the loafing-looking cap of the labourer, the Eastern fez, the Chinaman's cap, the plantation straw of the darkie, and, noticeable among the rest, a collection of stove-pipe hats quite new-looking, and with their primitive gloss upon them, and yet of shapes quite out of vogue for long years. These belong to skippers, stewards, and others, who, faring forth into foreign lands, leave their best hats in the custody of wives at home, and so these hats are brought out at intervals, of years, perhaps, and with care will last a lifetime. About the stations, too, instead of the coloured incitements to purchase Roper's cornflour, or Croper's mustard, we have equally highly-coloured placards recommending Foper's anti-corrosive for ship's bottoms, and other specialties of that nature, while replacing the announcements of excursions to Herne Bay or Southend, we have enticing offers of passage at lowest fares to such attractive places as Padang, Samarang, Sourabaya, and Macassar. And then instead of the ordinary passenger-trains you expect to see, short squat little trains come by, that shake the very ground, with trucks of a battered, travel-stained aspect that may have thundered along, shaking the ground as they went, from the extreme end of Cornwall or the farthest confines of Northumbria.

And then, as we are simply bound for the docks, without any distinct purpose beyond getting to the said docks, we are

likely to be considerably puzzled at the choice of stations that is offered us, all of which are docks, but docks with a difference —altogether half-a-dozen or so; but the skipper, who is our guide, books for Galleons, which has a spicy and romantic sound, recalling treasure-ships and the Spanish main, and buccaneers who robbed the Don and hid his treasures in lonely islands up and down, as in the stirring times of Morgan and Dampier. In sober fact, Galleons is no station to speak of, and everybody darts away across the line and in front of the engine; all but the skipper and the major and their respective wives, who are not to be disposed of in that summary manner. Now, all through the land passage our skipper has been the most submissive of mates; his wife has taken the tickets, has piloted him across the junctions, has wrapped him up carefully when the wind was chilly, and eased off his wraps when the sun shone out a little. But once among the masts and funnels our skipper shows himself a new man. He is a chieftain now, and we his humble vassals.

Our major is not so confident; there is a certain feeling of uneasiness in his mind, for our particular dock is about two miles long from end to end, with the funnels and masts of steamers peering over the two-mile line of iron sheds. In such a crowd of shipping, how shall he put his hand upon his own particular packet? The major's notion is that his wife shall sit upon the baggage while he looks for the ship, but then there are not many women who would patiently submit to such an ingloriously passive rôle, and the major's wife least of all. It is all the major's ridiculous parsimony, for the sake of saving a pound or so in cab-hire, that has landed them in this dilemma. Meantime half-a-dozen dock-porters, who, like vultures, have scented their prey from afar, are bearing down upon the pile of baggage. "Take your boxes, colonel," cries the leader of the band, "what's your ship—the Rajpootana? Oh, I knows her; come along, mates." And the boxes are already mounted upon legs and moving away, when an official makes his appearance. "Now then, you put them boxes down. You're for the Rajpootana, ain't you, sir? Well, all them things will be fetched." "Oh, why didn't you say so before?" cried the major's wife, while the boxes on legs stopped, and began to stagger vaguely about. "Put them down, do you hear?" reiterated the official, whereupon the boxes came down with a crash, and the

legs arranged themselves in line supporting a series of outstretched palms, all directed towards the major, who had lit another cheroot, and calmly reviewed the squad. "You engaged us, colonel. Shilling apiece, that's our doo," is the general chorus. "Yes, a regular do it is," rejoined the major, while the wife ejaculated: "There's your boasted economy, Frederick." However, the major compromises all claims for half-a-crown, and was able to show a gain of seventeen-and-six in favour of railway travelling.

As we are sure of our bearings by this time, and have identified the Rajpootana's funnel exactly opposite us beyond the line of sheds, we adjourn to the tall Queen Anne building, that rears itself high above the surrounding waste, and in large letters announces itself as The Galleons Hotel and Refreshment-room. Here is a capital attempt to alleviate the dreariness of embarkation—a roosting-place for birds of passage, a house of call for the higher class of mariners, and a temporary home for those who have taken leave of all their friends, and severed the last ties with England, and may here snooze to the last moment before their ship hauls out of dock, free from unpleasant misgivings of not being called in time, or of a cab mutiny at the very last moment. For here things go by tide rather than by time. At dead low water all slumber and sleep, but at the flood, when the brimming river is swirling in at the dock-gates, and the big steamers, with their rusted storm-battered sides, are crowding in, while other big steamers, trim and taut as paint and polish can make them, are waiting to run out, then our Galleons is awake and astir, whatever may be the hour of day or night. The stout skippers will be calling for their boots, the first officers singing out for hot water, while materfamilias demands supplies of bread-and-milk for the little brood of ducklings she is about to lead across the great pond.

After all, our major's description of the south-westerly gale as a land-breeze is rather borne out by facts, for down here at the docks there is no wind to speak of; the gale has died away—or rather, perhaps, slunk off to await our voyagers in the Chops of the Channel. And now there is a gleam of sunshine over the bright watery green of the marshes, while the pleasant hills of Kent are looming in the distance through a mingled web of mist and sunshine. And truly it needs a little touch of light and colour to relieve the dun and doubtful

aspect of those long rows of iron sheds that run on in unbroken line till they are lost in the murky distance. But when we have crossed the line, and fairly come into dock-land, a nearer view is more inspiring, for the quays that run between these rigid iron sheds and the equally rigid walls of the big iron steamers that lie alongside, stem and stern, as far as the eye can reach, these broad quays are full of life and animation. Here are the fiery engines that come spurting along the criss-cross network of lines, with their warning shriek—shrieking to people to get out of the way; the railway waggons whirled hither and thither; an army of labourers charging about with hand-trucks and barrows; an army, too, of great hydraulic cranes that stand there in long rows, with their huge, far-reaching arms and great circular counterweights, like some nightmare dream of huge monsters born of mechanic force, which, as they twist and turn, and haul huge bales out of deep cavernous holds, and deposit them as gently as a mother puts down her child, and exert such superhuman strength with such noiseless ease, and all at the bidding of some invisible operator within, seem certainly endowed with life and intelligence. Don Quixote would have charged them at once as pestilent compounds of giant and enchanter, and any one of them would have whipped up the knight and his horse, armour and all, and dropped them softly into the hold of the nearest ship, without taking any more notice of the encounter.

And if there is bustle and confusion on shore, there is a trifle more on board—anyhow for those big ships that have got the blue-peter flying at the fore. There is the Rajpootana now just ready for sea; the little Louisa tug waiting to haul her off into the river when all the big ropes and chains shall be cast off one by one, and the huge inert mass shall wake up into strenuous life and effort. Here are first and second officers in the very height of frenzy; shippers waylay them, clerks and merchants, as the last load of cargo is swinging high in the air, and men are frantically rushing on board with passengers' heavy luggage. "We can't do it," shouts the perspiring first officer. "We've got Calcutta and Rangoon on the top of you." And here comes the captain from the custom-house with his papers. It is all frenzy—frenzy, and the tide waits for no man.

In curious contrast with all this energy

and fervour is to be noticed a certain inanimate object that is waiting its turn to be fetched on board. This is a reposeful but rather battered Japanese lounging-chair, that is labelled as the property of Major-General Sir Hercules Humbledore, K.C.B. That old armchair, it is easy to guess, will be regarded with some perhaps not altogether affectionate veneration on the voyage. Coolies will give it a wide berth, and sailors will abstain from dragging ropes across it as the general lounges there in his pith hat and white jean suit. It makes one shiver to think of it just now, with the chill wind whistling along the quay; but these happy folk who are bound for the East will pick up springtime in the Mediterranean and glowing summer in the Indian Seas. Well, the general's chair is hoisted on board, and that seems to be the last straw that completes the load. The hydraulic crane strikes work, and turns itself edgeways with a gurgle as of fatigue and satisfaction. In a few moments the Rajpootana's berth will be empty and waiting her successor. "But there is just time for one cup at parting," suggests the major—for a hasty visit to the cuddy, where two or three seasoned hands are quietly enjoying their tiffin amid all the bustle. There is a fragrance of curry and chutnee, and the servants who run about have dark faces and white turbans. An Indian prince brings our sherry with a profound salaam. Happy people you who are about to be wafted from this mud fog imbroglio to lands of warmth and sunshine! Well, the major admits that it is not a bad prospect if they were once across the Bay of Biscay, and if they had not that insufferable Sir Hercules on board, who is sure to make it uncomfortable for everybody.

But the bell rings for visitors to clear out, the skipper is on the bridge, and the engineers at their posts. There is just time to get on shore and then to scamper off to the pier-head to see the steamer pass out into the broad tideway, where the little Louisa casts her off and leaves her to her own devices. And so, with a thundering blast or two from the steam-pipe, and a scattered cheer from friends on shore, while the skipper waves farewell from the bridge and the major from the poop, away goes the Rajpootana, and is soon lost to sight among the crowd of sails and funnels.

Returning to the dock quay the same busy traffic is going on. There is a New Zealand steamer off by this tide, and

another steamer for Australia, but they will hardly be missed in this long street of steamers. There is a spicy, Eastern perfume in the air, something between camphor and sandal-wood, and a subtle fragrance from the myriad chests of tea—Chinese tea as well as Indian, for these outlying docks are now getting a good share of the tea trade. One thing hangs upon another, and just as Tenterden Steeple is accountable for Goodwin Sands, so the Suez Canal is responsible for the Albert Docks and for those that are being made still farther down the river. For the long weight-carrying iron screws, that are built to run through the canal, are not adapted for the turns and windings of Father Thames in the higher reaches, and so after the fashion of Mahomet, the docks now are sliding down the river to the ships, instead of the ships coming up to the docks. And this expensive process of dock construction is a necessity if London is to hold its own in the trade with the East, for which the canny Scots about the Clyde are quite ready to make a bid, and which Liverpool is ready to welcome to its magnificent tideway.

Hitherto London holds its own easily enough as the great central emporium of the world. Up its river, every year, six thousand steamers of an aggregate of four million tons burden, come in regular succession, irrespective of wind or weather, while five thousand sailing-vessels, of two millions of tons burden, come in flocks as favourable winds permit. Against this Liverpool can only show two thousand eight hundred steamers, and some two thousand four hundred sailing-ships. In both cases, but in London more rapidly than in Liverpool, the steamers are gaining upon and ousting the sailing-ships, a process just as natural and inevitable as the replacement of the hand-loom by the power-loom. The grand, fast-sailing tea-clippers, for instance, are soon to be things of the past, replaced by the iron monsters of screw-steamers, and the importance of this tea-trade to the Port of London may be judged from the fact that, of two hundred and seven million pounds of tea imported annually into this country, all but a scanty pinch of some fifty-five thousand pounds comes into the Port of London, and is landed there. Not that quite all this tea is taken into consumption, for forty-four million pounds are shipped again, and exported to foreign parts.

Hence it is that so much of the throng

and bustle of sea-going London seems concentrated about these Albert Docks. What jute, what bales of wool, what countless chests of tea, which industrious young men are busily counting nevertheless, and marking down on tally-sheets, as the hydraulic monsters draw them forth in batches and deposit them on the quay! Here are bales, too, from Dunedin, marked "First winter rabbit-skins;" no wonder the wandering cadger, with his or her plaintive cry, "Hare-skins and rabbit-skins!" is crowded out of existence. And what strange metamorphosis will they undergo, these rabbit-skins, before they appear on the shoulders of youth and beauty as fox or sable, or what not! Then to match the skins are the carcasses—their little bodies come in cans, their little skins in bales—great cases full of tinned rabbits, which are swung over our heads. And while the wool comes in one ship, the sheep are found in another, flocks of frozen sheep that show their stiff outstretched limbs for a moment and are then hurried away. There is a mystery about these sheep, which are sent sliding off along great shoots, and finally disappear into some dim mysterious region below, to reappear, perhaps, in Smithfield Market as prime Southdown at fourteen pence a pound.

It is a fair morning's walk from Albert to Victoria Docks, but these last are much quieter and more humdrum in their ways, neither do they afford such a pleasant promenade, for instead of a long unbroken line of quays, here we have a series of jetties, and big steamers on either hand that are quietly unloading and loading, more of the former than the latter, for it is wonderful to notice how much more in quantity and value comes into the country than ever goes out of it. Indeed, this growing gap between what we get and what we give is expanding so rapidly that it is becoming one of the most disquieting and unaccountable signs of the times. If we import four hundred millions worth of things, and only export two hundred millions odd, either we are making a tremendous profit, or running very deeply into debt. There is another way of accounting for part of the discrepancy by supposing a tremendous hole in the customs ready-reckoner, and that as the declaration of value, in the case of both imports and exports, is a perfunctory matter, which does not in any way affect the duties paid in this country, while there are heavy ad valorem duties awaiting English goods in nearly every foreign country, it is just

possible that our exports, to be taxed abroad according to value, are writ smaller, and our imports, not taxed on that principle at all—with the solitary exception of essence of spruce, which cannot be an affair of millions—may be writ larger than just occasion warrants. But, with every allowance for facts and figures being not altogether in accord, the decline of our export trade is a nasty, uncomfortable fact, which strikes a note of alarm in the midst of all this apparent prosperity.

But this is not a matter that can be worked out along dockside, where as we advance the cargoes become of a less diversified and interesting kind. There is not much pleasure to be got out of guano, for instance, and even grain has a certain sameness about it, whether in bags or in bulk. But between guano, and grain, and seeds, the boards that line the quays show a fine promise of spring corn in every crack and cranny.

Arrived at this point, indeed, the street is more interesting than the dock, the prolonged Ratcliffe Highway a regular highway of nations. Lounging along, not much occupied with anything before them—and indeed the great cities of the world must seem curiously alike to those who rarely get beyond the purlieus of dock or harbour—but gazing listlessly at what is going on, advance the seafaring men of all nations. Here is Sindbad the Sailor in his snowy turban, and there the forty thieves who hail from Singapore. Coolies troop about in queer parti-coloured garments, with red caps, and white and blue, in tunics, chogas, and old pilot-jackets, with pointed Chinese shoes, or sandals of straw, or the common English highlow, as may happen. Here is an old negro with a face like a truffle so scarred and seamed and honeycombed, with a costume built up, it seems, of red pocket-handkerchiefs. You may wrap yourself in silk, cotton, or rice-matting here, anything will go down along dockside. Even the little English children who swarm as much here as elsewhere, even these have lost the faculty of wonder, and are not to be excited by the most outlandish figures.

All along the dock road the thoroughfare is extending itself, a new town of no great depth—for the green marshes of Plaistow are to be seen at the openings of streets—but a regular seaman's highway, where are collected the things he most delights in. There are public-houses, music-halls, coffee-houses, lodging-houses—all more wholesome and cleanly-looking

than similar establishments in Shadwell or Wapping. There are comfortable-looking tenements, too, with neat blinds and curtains, all with cards in every window, "Apartments," where skippers and ships' officers may find lodgings to their mind. The docks have their own churches and chapels, their reading-rooms and refreshment-rooms; but the sailor, like the soldier, generally prefers a taste of outside life to any kind of semi-official entertainment.

And when sated with the humours of dockside, we jump into a train and are jolted past a station or two—Custom House, where there is no such place to be seen, unless a trumpety shed be that custom-house, and Tidal Basin, which is about the solidest bit of inland scenery we have met with—and then to Canning Town, with a little smoke-stained wooden station curiously perched over the line. And here we alight, bent on going through London rather than round it again. For here, to the initiated, opens out a cunning track, first over the river Lea, with its bottomless mud-banks, a dismal gulf of despair—a sad ending for a river that has had its gleams of beauty and brightness in early life—and then coasting the dock-wall, slipping by a postern-gate into the East India Dock Basin—not right into the basin, be it understood, but along the quay. And here the African steamers make a very respectable show; and farther on are the Australian clippers—almost the last remains of the beautiful sea-going ships of old-times; emigrant-ships that are to sail with despatch, but doubtfully as to a week or two, all things going on in a leisurely way—sailors heave-hoing at a chain-cable. But somehow the heave-ho has not the old swing and spirit in it. Those fizzing and whirring things that go by steam and lug up your anchor with the turning of a tap, seem to have taken the life out of the sailors' song. A long farewell to the beautiful white-winged ship, with its belling sails, now in sunshine, now in shadow, its rich apparel of fairy-like tracery of rope and rigging, its stately progress, its life-like movement over the waters! Farewell, too, to the old salt who is bound up in the life of his ship! A little while, and the full-rigged ship will have vanished from the seas, and to the coming generation, which will see them only in prints and pictures, they will appear as strange as the galleys of old times. Among the clippers, a huge

shark-like steamer has thrust its wicked-looking nose—the Victory. It is victory indeed!

Now, at the very entrance to the East India Dock Basin is Blackwall Pier, and following the progress of a ship that is being lugged and tugged into the river—two big tugs pulling at her and one little one pushing behind—we find ourselves once more upon the familiar pontoons, and looking over the Thames in its fullest tide, and with all its argosies in full sail. Great is the press of barges, bumping and butting their way along, helpless, yet aggressive. Long strings of them, too, are hurried away behind little struggling tugs, the sea-going steamers hooting and whistling, the nimble river-boats threading their way dexterously through the throng—over all a windy, watery sky, with sunbeams struggling out. And then the bell invites us—the signal-bell from the station hard-by, that signifies "Train in"—and we hurry for the train as if our life depended on catching it, although another quarter of an hour might not have been ill-spent among the loafers on the pier and the loungers along dockside.

MOUHOT, THE EXPLORER.

THE French have sometimes an unpleasant way of doing things. Not only as individuals, but as a nation, they now and then forget their traditional politeness and lapse into brusquerie. And, when once they are tête-montés, they are apt to go from bad to worse, until there comes a regular explosion, after which they cool down. From our point of view they have been very offhand of late. One can hardly believe that to the same nation whose guards at Fontenoy so courteously begged ours to fire first, whose rank and file in the Peninsular War fraternised so pleasantly with the redcoats whom they had been fighting the day before, and would, perhaps, have to fight the day after, can belong the men who treated Mr. Shaw with such gratuitous indignity. Their conduct in Tonquin, too, seems, from our point of view, almost as bad as their behaviour in Madagascar. I say from our point of view; for nations, like individuals, have a way of condoning their own misdeeds, and it is well to remember that we also have been far too high-handed in our dealings with Orientals. Read Lord Strangford's book on our shortcomings in this respect, and you will feel

sure we ought not to throw stones, we, who have gone on taking what we chose out of the whole world until there is really very little left for other nations. If I were a Frenchman, I should be very indignant at the tone of our press about New Guinea. "Why should not we annex Guinea?" a Frenchman might ask. "We had got a fair footing in an infinitely better island, New Zealand; and you gave us the slip, and, while one of your captains was entertaining our officers at dinner, you seized it all in your Queen's name. We didn't protest. Louis Philippe wasn't great at protesting. The mean-spirited creature couldn't rise to the idea of a grand colonial empire. He preferred filling his money-bags, and cheating and wheedling about his wretched Spanish marriages. But all the best of us felt it, nevertheless. It was quite a trick of perfide Albion. You did the very same thing at Perim not long after, and we felt that it was unfair in both places. Why should you have everything and we nothing? You have Australia—a world in itself; you would have left us New Zealand if you had had the slightest generosity of character. And now that we are thinking of the only island left us, the very undesirable and unhealthy Papua, you cry out and set your Australian colonists to roar, and tell us we're afraid to do anything in Europe, and that's why we are getting so restless in the out-of-the-way corners of the world." That is how Frenchmen think. I, who write this, have heard them talk, and it is well to reflect that everybody's views are not exactly like our own.

It is much the same about the Tonquin affair. We see in it nothing but French violence, French aggressiveness, French bullying insolence. To the French, on the contrary, the attempt to get a footing on the south-western Chinese frontier seems noble and praiseworthy. All their savans for the last thirty years have been looking in that direction. They remember that in America, France was the great pioneer of discovery, that it was her missionary-explorers who made their way across from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and then followed that great river to its mouth, a feat of which the name Louisiana preserves the record. They have long wished that this age should rival the glory which the subsequent loss of Canada had tarnished; that the Me-kong, the water-way to Yunan, should become, if possible, a French river, or if not, that Frenchmen

should be the first to tap that great Chinese province of Yunan on the southern side.

We, too, have been long looking in that way. Mr. Margary fell a victim to his zeal in pushing on into the forbidden ground. But the French, with their base of operations at Saigon, seemed more directly called to the work; and their way of answering the call has resulted in their present difficulty with China.

It is not merely conquest for conquest's sake. The educated Frenchmen, who, in opposition to the mob, are anxious to extend their territory, really believe that to do this is the only way of giving anything like prosperity to that south-eastern corner of Asia. This was long ago the opinion of Henri Mouhot, one of the most single-minded men who ever lived. He, meditating among the splendid ruins of Ongcor Wat in Cambodia—ruins which he first made known to the world, asks, "What has become of the civilisation that reared these magnificent palaces and temples of early Buddhism?" And his answer is: "War, continuous and desolating war, brought in by Siamese and Annamite neighbours, ruined the Khmers or Cambodians, and reduced those of them who were not carried away captive to the state of wanderers in the recesses of their great forests." And he can see no remedy save in conquest by some European power. This power he thinks will be France, who, having taken Saigon, was on the way to possess herself of Cochin China; but he hopes she will choose (what he hints she has not always done) good governors, whose wise rule will be a contrast to the unbearable spoliation and extortion of kings and mandarins. Thus, you see, France has a moral aim in annexing Tonquin. Mouhot was not the man to give false reports. A Huguenot of Montbéliard, he was of such an upright nature that the French Catholic missionaries were all tenderly attached to him; and his testimony is unvarying. "The king tries to get all the produce," whether it be of gold and precious stones, or of a trifle like cardamum, "into his own hands." Over and over again he deplores the state of the millions "bowing shamefully under a servile yoke, made viler by the most barbarous customs," and hopes that, when some European power does come, it will come not "as the blind instrument of ambition to add to their present miseries." What had happened at Saigon did not reassure him. He sadly contrasts the self-

glorifying bulletins of the French admiral with the widespread report of the misconduct of the troops, how they burned the market, ill-treated the women, and generally misbehaved themselves. He tries to believe it was all done by the native allies, and trusts the French soldier will henceforth act by himself, so that his true nobility of character may be seen. It seems to him so sad that these people who are prepared to see white men acting like angels, should find that they can behave like demons. Mouhot had seen in Russia a good deal of the evils of despotism. He lived there from 1844 till the breaking out of the Crimean war, teaching Greek and natural history in several academies, and perfecting himself in photography, then a new art invented by Daguerre. He scrupulously kept aloof from politics—he was a savant, and it must be (he felt) a very hard task to govern so vast a country; but he was touched to the heart with what he saw, and when he got home he wrote a novel called *Slavery in Russia*; but in Siam he found things even worse; “the whole of society,” he says, “is in a state of prostration.” The abject crouching before superiors just typifies the state of the national mind.

Not long after he left Russia, Mouhot, with his brother, came to England. They had both married English ladies, relations of Mungo Park. But in 1858 Henri came across an English book on Siam; the innate love of travel laid hold of him; and, by the help of our Geographical and Zoological Societies, he was able to carry out his plan. For four years he was travelling, chiefly among forests where the sun could scarcely shine. During the rains he was in a constant vapour-bath, the slightest movement throwing him into a profuse sweat. Sometimes provisions were not to be had. Once he lived for weeks on salt fish, washed down with very bad water. Yet his health was excellent, thanks, he thought, to his total abstinence from spirits, and to a very sparing use of wine. He died of jungle-fever, however, “a martyr to science,” said the newspapers of the day. He was on his way to the borders of Yunnan, worried, as travellers thereabouts always are, with difficulties from head-quarters, strict orders having been sent from Louang Prabang to prevent his going farther. He had started for Louang Prabang to demand explanations, when the fever laid hold on him. His two faithful servants kept urging him to write to his family, but

he delayed, replying always: “Wait, wait; are you afraid?” and making short entries in his journal. During the final delirium he talked a great deal in English, of which his servants understood nothing. His servants carried his collections of insects, shells, etc.—one had been lost in the wreck of the *Sir James Brooke*—and his drawings and MSS., to the French consul at Bangkok. A big beetle was named after him *Mouhotia gloriosa*; several land-shells also preserve the name of their discoverer; but his chief title to fame is his discovery of the ruins of Battambang and old Ongcor. Ruins he found everywhere—pagodas, towers, palaces; but these two are on so vast a scale that they took the scientific world by surprise. Mouhot claims for them an antiquity of two thousand years. They go back, he thinks, to the dispersion of Buddhism in India some centuries before the Christian era. It is a pity he could not take photographs, but his drawings show masses of building, with central and entrance towers, far more elaborate than what in Southern India are called dagobahs and goparums. The domes on these towers are built in a series of rings growing smaller and smaller, sometimes with a tendency to become bulbous, as if anticipating the common form of Saracenic dome which has spread over Europe as far west as Vienna. Long cloisters, with arched roofs, built in the fashion of a nave and aisles, join the gateways and outlying towers with the central mass. The bas-reliefs describe all kinds of subjects—horse-races, cock-fights, military processions; heaven, into which the good, all plump and well-favoured, are entering in palanquins, with their fans, their umbrellas, and even their betel-boxes; hell, where the victims are all skin and bone, the rueful expression of their faces being irresistibly comic, and where they are being pounded in mortars, sawn in sunder, roasted on spits, devoured by fabulous monsters, impaled on elephants’ tusks or rhinoceros horns. But the chief subject is the story of the Ramayana—the combat of the king of the apes (typifying some aboriginal race which sided with the Aryan invaders of India) with the king of the demons (the hostile black race). The few details which Mouhot gives have that strange likeness to Mexican sculptures which one sometimes notices in early Indian work. People, I suppose, in the same stage of culture, work much on the same lines everywhere. No need to assume, as some

have done, an early race of which the chief seat was some now submerged continent, and of which the builders of Mexican and Egyptian pyramids, of Easter Island colossi, and of Hindoo cave-temples and Cambodian palaces, were outlying fragments. Certainly the sculptured faces are neither Malay nor Chinese of the modern type. I say this because—as everyone who has seen much old china is aware—the ancient Chinese face was far less Tartar, less snub-nosed, than that to which we are accustomed. It came much nearer the Cambodian face as given in these ruins. Among the statues; of which Mouhot found many, both in bronze and stone; the finest was the so-called figure of “the leprous king,” the traditional builder of the whole. He is naked, squatting in Eastern fashion, the head full of dignity, with very regular features of a peculiar type, only found now (says our traveller) among the mountaineers on the Annam border. The whole place is full of carving—lions on the staircases; huge idols, many of them still objects of pilgrimage; grim giants in chain-mail like those which guard the portals of modern Siamese pagodas—all perishing, as the incomparable sculptures and wood-carvings at Nikko, in Japan, are perishing.

Even the granite, of which all the upper part is built—the basement being ferruginous sandstone—though every stone is shaped so carefully that no mortar is needed, is beginning to decay. “Some of it crumbles like rotten wood.” One asks, “Why all these buildings so close together?” for Ongcor Thöm (the great) is only about three miles from Ongcor Wat (the old). The former contains a whole town, with moat and double wall. Galleries with porticos and vaulted roofs, all one mass of delicate sculpture, run from every entrance. The place has been deserted for ages; a few Cambodians, who live in a hamlet outside, grow a little rice among the ruins. There is a bridge of fourteen arches, now as useless as the rest, for the river has taken another course. The temple at Ongcor Thöm is called “hide-and-seek playing pagoda,” because the galleries connecting its thirty-seven towers so cross and recross as to make it very hard to find one’s way. One tradition is, that a smaller pagoda, called “temple of the angels,” was a celebrated school of Buddhist theology. Another story is, that ropes were stretched from tower to tower, on which danced native Blondins for the delectation of the king as he sat on one of the terraces. But properly there is

no tradition, these are only stories invented partly to account for work attributed sometimes to the “leprous king,” sometimes to giants, sometimes to the “king of the angels.” One man whom Mouhot questioned answered, like Topsy in Uncle Tom’s Cabin: “It made itself.”

What a contrast between these grand temple-palaces and those of Siamese princes nowadays! Inside especially, a modern Siamese palace falls short of expectation. What with old glass bottles, looking-glasses, slippers, sofas, washstands piled up on tables, it looks more like a broker’s shop than the abode of royalty.

The present people are a mixed race. Annamites have come in as conquerors, so have Siamese, so have Chinamen. The latter largely outnumber the natives. Indeed, to find a pure blood Cambodian, you must go far into the mountain forests, or to one of the villages of exiles, descendants of those whom the invaders carried off. Lazy they are, says Mouhot, because the more they produce the heavier are the taxes; dirty, because their abject poverty gives them no heart to be clean; soft-natured—they call a tiger “grandfather,” and humbly beg its pardon when they are trying to kill it; and if they kill an elephant, they hold a feast to propitiate its soul, offering rice, and spirits, and betel, of which, and of the flesh of the elephant, the whole village partakes. The Catholic missionaries, who must be amongst the most devoted even of that self-denying body, think that one of the forest tribes must be Jews, left, of course, by Solomon’s shipmen, for everybody knows that hereabouts was Aurea Chersonesus, that golden peninsula which, in my boyish days, was thought to be Ophir. This tribe practises circumcision, abstains from pork, and is said to sacrifice a red heifer. The first usage proves nothing, for Australians and many other savages do the same.

The unpleasantest of all these people are the Annamites, so impassive (says Mouhot) that after ten years’ absence a son won’t kiss his parents—fancy what a Frenchman, who kisses his bearded friend when he is going a short railway journey, must think of that—and such stubborn idolaters that Father Cordier, whom Mouhot found dying, with no regret but that he could not see his parents once again, confessed there had been very little answer in the way of conversions to all his preaching. The Siamese, even in Mouhot’s day, were spoiling themselves with European dress. How

infinitely less graceful the two wives of the second king, with flowers and furbelows and ribbon-trimmed caps, look than low-class girls in their short kilts; how clumsy the great men in their coats and trousers compared with the boy prince with angular clothes, and a cap like a pagoda, and any number of bangles on legs and arms, who faces the preface to the first of Mouhot's volumes. The funniest of Mouhot's pictures is an amazon of the body-guard in full Highland dress, looking as pert as a vivandière.

France, by the way, claims old acquaintance with Siam. This kingdom of the free—Monang Thai, for that, despite all their slavish prostrations and generally abject ways, is their name for themselves, Siam being only a Malay word meaning brown—was visited just at the beginning of the eighteenth century by Constantine Phaulkon, a Greek merchant, who rose to be governor of all the North Provinces, and built aqueducts and temples, and otherwise distinguished himself. He persuaded the king to send an embassy to Louis the Fourteenth; and Louis sent ambassadors in return, and Jesuits with them, and—strange mixture—a general and five hundred men to hold a fort at Bangkok. Why not? The Dutch had a trading post at Ayuthia, which had, till 1350, been the capital, and where, also, are ruins and colossal figures like the Dai-butz—huge Buddha busts—in Japan. Bangkok they found, then as now, a Venice of the East. You are up in the middle of the city before you know you have reached it. All the houses were, and are, on piles, even those that are built away from the water. Everybody, from the king in his grand carved and gilded and parasolled and bannered barge to the poor fishwoman, went, and still goes, by water. Little children, who can scarcely speak, learn to handle a paddle. But the five hundred men roused suspicions; they had to go, and the Jesuits with them; and it was only by stealth that Christianity, at first tolerated, was spread among a faithful few. I want to read some day what these Jesuits say of Siam, and what Mendez Pinto and Mandelslohe—both in the first quarter of the sixteenth century—tell about it. Were there Chinese pirates and sea-kings then? They come in, like the Black Flag men nowadays, every now and then in Siamese annals; and like Norsemen they sold their swords; Pegu hired them against Siam, Burmah against both. Mun Suy was a famous man of this class whom Mouhot saw in his state

barge. He had come to trade, and then had suddenly fallen on and looted a town. The townspeople, however, rallied and drove him to his ships, but the king of Cambodia, thinking he might be useful, made friends with him, and abetted him in his raids, and once when inquisition was made for him by the king of Siam, he hid him in his palace.

Mouhot is such pleasant company that one does not like to give him up. He tells everything, how he kept himself and his escort for a franc a day, how he gave the children cigar-ends if they brought him rare insects. He is often in a strait. Being French he thinks France ought to be the pioneer of civilisation in the far East. Yet he loves England, and bitterly contrasts the kindness which he received from our people with the way in which his own nation neglected him.

Besides his insects, and shells, and plants, he collected folk-lore, only a little of which has been published. It proves these people to be as full of fun as their own apes, whose great delight is to play bob-cherry with the alligators. Holding on to one another's tails they form a string, and the last of them is the cherry, which is bobbed temptingly within an inch of the creature's jaws. One gets snapped up now and then, and the rest fly off howling; but "they come back again in a few days and renew their game."

Here is an Indo-Chinese fable in which the principle of co-operation comes out more strongly than in its European parallel. The hare used to have thick ears like other beasts. The snail gnawed them thin in consequence of a bet which could soonest reach the rice-fields of a distant village. Naturally the snail got a good start given him, and as soon as the hare had begun browsing he passed the word to his brother snail, bidding him send it along the whole line, that when the hare spoke the answer might be given from far ahead. So as soon as puss had finished her meal, she flew over the ground and began calling the snail, expecting to pass him at once. "Oho," replied a snail from ever so far on. "Why, he's nearly there," thought the hare, and was off like an arrow. In a minute or two she stopped and called again. "Oho," answered a voice still farther off. "This will never do," said puss, and rushed on so fast that she got out of breath, and gasped out: "Where are you now?" "Oho!" was the reply, quite faint in the distance. "I must make haste, or I shall lose my bet." So on she went,

stumbling, and at last stopped, dead beat, a few yards from the rice-fields. A snail was coming quietly back. "What, have you been there already? Then I've lost," and she tried to escape, but her strength failed, and the snail pitilessly gnawed her ears.

Here is a tale with a good moral: There were two cousins—Mou, cunning and selfish, owned a dog; Ah-lo-Sin, good and simple beyond measure, possessed a buffalo. Sowing time was nigh. "Come, cousin," said Mou, "your field is but small. Take my dog; he'll do your ploughing admirably; and give me your buffalo." Ah-lo-Sin was too good-natured to say "No," so he took the dog, and worked so well that he got much the better crop of the two. This made Mou so spiteful that he set fire to his cousin's field, and poor Ah-lo-Sin was in such despair that he actually went and rolled among the flames. Some monkeys who were out on a plundering expedition, saw him, and said: "This must surely be a god, for fire doesn't hurt him!" So they took and carried him to a mountain-top, and while he slept, piled up round him gold and silver bowls, and rice and rare fruits. When he awoke, he was indeed a happy man, and took home his treasures. But greedy Mou watched him, and said: "Why, you're as rich as a prince. You'll give me some, won't you?" "No," replied Ah-lo-Sin, "for you're a bad fellow, and set my field on fire." So Mou went off and set fire to his own field, and rolled in it; and forthwith came five monkeys, one of them a young one; and when the four had got him by the arms and legs, the little one began to cry: "Let me help carry him." "But there's nothing for you to hold him by," replied its mother. The little monkey went on crying, and at last got hold of Mou by the hair of the head, and led the procession. Mou didn't enjoy having his hair pulled, and bit the little monkey till it screamed. "Ah, you're angry! You're no god. Stay there, then!" cried the rest, and threw Mou into a thorn-bush. He was all day struggling before he could get out, and was covered with blood when he got home. "Well, where's your gold and silver?" asked Ah-lo-Sin. "Ah, I'm well punished for harming you!" said the repentant Mou. "I bring back nothing but needles. Call the women to take them out of me."

One fable more before I have done with Mouhot. I choose it because it makes Puss to be as clever as Brer Rabbit himself. One night, in a very thick forest,

the elephant began howling, and the tiger replied with howlings still more dismal. Monkeys, stags, and beasts of all kinds joined in the chorus, and began making off to their dens. The elephant himself lost his presence of mind, and ran away at full speed till he met the hare, who said: "What are you running away for?" "Don't you hear that dreadful tiger? Would you have me stop to be eaten up?" "Never fear," said the hare. "Just sit down and let me jump on your back, and I'll warrant no harm will happen to you." Before he jumped up the hare put a big bit of betel into his mouth, and had let a stream of red saliva run down the elephant's back by the time the tiger came up. "What do you want here?" said the hare quite fiercely, without giving the other time to say a word. "Don't you see this elephant isn't too much for me? Do you think I'll let you go shares?" So, seeing, as he supposed, the blood, the tiger got behind a tree to watch. The hare then bit the elephant's ear, and the elephant—as had been agreed between them—gave a scream. "How strong he is!" said the tiger; but he stayed a minute longer to watch. So the hare, who seemed quite master of his prey, cried: "Wait a minute, and I'll come to you next," and looked so much as though he was getting ready for a spring, that the tiger got frightened and turned tail. As he went off, swinging through the jungle, a chimpanzee burst out laughing. "Don't laugh, I've just escaped from death." "How so? I'd like to see the beast who frightened you. Take me to him." "What, to be eaten up too?" "Come, now; don't be in a fright. I'll jump on your back, and we'll tie our tails together, and then we shall run no risk." After much persuasion the tiger went back, but as he was coming near, the hare chewed a fresh bit of betel; and as the red saliva streamed down, "You dare to come back!" he shouted; "stop a minute, and I'll punish you as you deserve." At the same time he nudged the elephant, who uttered an agonising cry, while the hare made a great leap on his sham victim's back. Again the tiger lost heart, and rushed away at full speed, crying to the chimpanzee, "Now you see I'd something to be afraid of. We've both narrowly escaped being eaten up." But the chimpanzee was past hearing, for he'd fallen off the tiger's back, and got dashed to death against a bamboo. Moral: Firmness and presence of mind often make heroes of cowards.

People who can invent such tales and fables, deserve a better fate than to be "improved off the face of the earth;" let us hope their French governors, when they get them, will be of the good sort hoped for for them by the amiable Mouhot. Living either among the wild people, or with French missionaries when there were any—what a lesson in tolerance is the way in which he and they got on together!—our traveller kept fever at bay for four years. He was not so successful with animated pests. In that steamy atmosphere thrive scorpions, centipedes, mosquitos, and leeches. As you are getting into bed you have to look out for snakes. Tigers roar round the stockading, and carry off a dog or a goat; elephants come and try to force their way in to get at the young maize. Perhaps the leeches were the worst of all; they bit him savagely. "Often," he says, "my white drawers have been dyed as red as a French soldier's trousers." He has a word for everybody; his Chinese servant (one of the two who were so faithful to the last) is a model of handiness and good-humour, and the man's father he always speaks of as "the worthy old A-pait." He does not like the Annamites. They are proud, revengeful, choleric, cruel to the poor, and deserve all sorts of bad epithets, yet withal honest and kind to strangers. And as to the country, he is constantly reflecting what it might become if it were wisely governed, and settled with European colonists. Of some parts (not, of course, of the swampy forests in which much of his own time was spent) he says: "It has a rich soil, a healthy climate, nearness to the sea, a good water-way. Nothing is wanting to ensure success to an industrious and enterprising agriculturist." We hope the French pioneers who do go out will take care to get to the right place; for on Mouhot's own showing a good deal of the country is like the site of Martin Chuzzlewit's "City of Eden."

JENIFER.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER-CUDLIP).

CHAPTER XXIX. REALITIES.

THE pleasant shooting-box proffered to him and his bride, by a kindly natured but rather sketchy friend, was rather disappointing to Captain Edgecumb at the first glance.

"You'll find it a little out of order, perhaps, in the way of carpets and

curtains," the friend had said candidly; "but if your wife can do without Persian rugs and "Liberty" silk hangings for a few weeks in the midst of the loveliest scenery in the world, it's the place for you, and you're welcome to it. My servants will treat you capitally, I'm sure; and if they drink too much whisky by accident, kick 'em out."

It was a little out of order; there was no gainsaying that. The drainage, apparently, was rather worse than usual, for the cook, who received them, apologised for it. Green damp had things all its own way outside on the trellis-work and verandah. Dry rot was the reigning power in the house. Everything smelt musty and felt moist, and, to add to these inconveniences, the cook's husband, who was gardener, groom, and butler, had been affably assisting in the bottling of whisky in a Cork spirit-store in the morning, and the fumes of it having ascended to his brain, he had come home at midday quarrelsome and exhausted.

Accordingly, instead of the fairest face being put upon all things for the benefit of the new comers, the butler refused to arrange the dinner-table, and the cook bewailed herself for having to cook a dinner, and neither of them made things easy about the collecting materials for that repast.

"When the master and mistress—the Lord be good to them!—come here, they come as beholds the gentry; it's servants they bring to do their work, and hampers full of beautiful things all ready made to ye tongue to taste. And then out from Cark come the grandest joints ready to put to the fire, and it's no trouble or vexation they give ye the whole time they're here."

Thus the irate and despairing queen of the kitchen to her fatigued and dispirited temporary mistress. But fatigued and dispirited as she was, Jenifer was still a match for any would-be petty tyrant, to whom she had not vowed obedience.

"Your master told Captain Edgecumb we should find decent and willing servants here—"

"And if ye don't, my lady, it's the faults of your honours for having come upon us unawares," Biddy said blandly.

"If I don't it will be very unpleasant for us just for to-night, and for you, when we tell your master how ungraciously you have served us," Jenifer said more severely than she would have spoken had other things not been so deplorably disappointing to her during the last few hours.

"Oh!" Biddy cried, throwing her apron well over her head to conceal the tears that were not falling, "that I should live to see the bad day when strangers are sit to rule over us in the house where we've served the rale ould stock since we were born. It's not of your ladyship's honour I'm spaking," she added, with a rapid change to fawning, cringing servility, as Captain Edgecumb came up. "I'm saying, yer honour, that it's the sorrowful day for me that I can't go right away up to Cark this very minute, and bring the best out for ye that the market 'ill serve you with."

She rubbed her hands deprecatingly together as she spoke, and smiled slyly and beseechingly at Jenifer, who was more revolted by this sudden change to obsequiousness, than she had been by the rude brutality which had preceded it.

"Oh, I'm sure you'll do everything that's to be done, Biddy," he said affably. "You and I are old friends, aren't we? And now I've brought my wife here to get her first impressions of Ireland. Pleasant ones I'm sure they'll be."

"It's not 'pleasant' the young mistress thinks them, I'm fearing," howled the sycophant, again casting her apron over her now rather malignant visage. "It's I that have failed to give satisfaction to a lady, and she not my own mistress, too, for the first time since I went into service! I that was trained in the house, and that the present master's mother—saints be good to her!—trained to be her own maid! Oh, that I've lived to see the day! Oh, just all I ask of ye, since I'm despised by ye so, is to take me away and bury me; and the saints have mercy on your sowl!"

"Poor thing! you've hurt her feelings awfully, Jenifer," her husband said, hurrying her out of earshot of the now hysterically sobbing cook. "These people are awfully sensitive, anything like carping at unavoidable inconveniences, or want of sympathy with their endeavours to do their best to serve you, hurts them painfully. Do try to be a little less hard, dear. When I've been here with O'Connor and his wife, everything has gone admirably. You'll find Biddy and the rest of them as easy to manage as infants, if only you're gentle and consistent with them."

"Perhaps that course of treatment would agree better with me also," Jenifer thought, but she only said:

"Biddy shall not suffer from my rough heavy-handed sway an hour longer if I can help it. Do let us go to some little quiet

country hotel, where we shall be quite unknown and independent. I have heard of the inn at Cappoquin. Effie stayed there once; you won't dispute her taste; and she declared it to be the 'nicest thing of the kind that she had seen in Ireland.'"

"You suggest a very ridiculous alternative out of a very puerile difficulty, dear," he said, laughing in the superior manner he felt it well to assume over Jenifer. "After accepting the loan of a fellow's place, and staff of servants, for a honeymoon, it would be rather 'crude,' to say the least of it, to go off in a huff, simply because there was no dinner prepared to meet your views on our arrival."

"The dinner is of no importance to me," she said wearily; "a cup of tea and some dry toast will satisfy all my requirements."

"Mine are a little more substantial," he laughed; "and I think, dear, you'll find that Biddy, who has been accustomed to Mrs. O'Connor's sensible and practical rule, will think rather more lowly of your housewifely powers than you deserve, if you don't have a consultation with her, and evolve a decent dinner out of the resources of this district for eight o'clock."

But, when Jenifer went to put her lord's precepts into practice, she found that Biddy was not at all amenable to her advances. Larry, Biddy's husband, had by this time crept out of a coal-hole, where he had been indulging in happy if not healthful slumbers, and had, through violently restorative means, pulled himself together. For instance, he had drunk a pint of milk (charged afterwards to the quality as having been supplied for Jenifer's cup of tea), and his head had been dipped into a pailful of water by his spouse. She had then scrubbed up his face and hands with plenty of soap, soda, and hot water, and having put a fine ruddy polish on him, she had set him about his work of ordering the table fairly.

But though Biddy had put this part of the business in working order, and though she meant it to be all right at the last, she was determined to give the feminine invader a "good twisting" for her rash threat of informing the absent master of his retainer's incapacity and insolence.

"She's the impudence to come here and expect to be treated like one of our own; she that, for all her grand looks and high ways, is glad to come to another man's house than her husband's in her first married days. Foof!" and with this unspellable but expressive exclamation of the

most dire contempt, Biddy settled herself with her duddeen in the kitchen chimney-corner, and waited events, knowing all the while that in the larder she had hanging a leg of mutton, the like of which had seldom come out of Cork market even; soles, that had evidently come into existence for the express purpose of being delicately treated to egg, breadcrumbs, and the process of frying; and many other delicacies, mention of which need not be made here.

Accordingly, when Jenifer made her way into the close, unsavoury, and scantily-furnished kitchen, Biddy gave her no greeting, but still squatted down on her haunches, retaining her balance while in that attitude in a way that was almost miraculous, considering the quantity of whisky she had absorbed into her system since her husband had come home with a bottle concealed among his rags about two hours before.

"Captain Edgecumb asked me to come and speak to you about dinner—at eight o'clock he wants to have it. Can you get us anything to eat by that time?"

"There's fine praties in the cow-shed, and there's some of the mistress's game-fowls running in the yard," Biddy answered, puffing out a volume of strong smoke.

"They'll be tough, won't they?" Jenifer suggested.

"Is it the praties will be tough?" Biddy asked with a scornful laugh.

"No, the fowls."

"The mistress's prize game-fowls ye're meaning; they're tender enough for the master and mistress, may be they'll be too tough for you, my lady."

Jenifer glanced round the smoke and filth stained apartment, and a feeling came over her that if she stayed there an instant longer, she would revolt at everything cooked in it. So merely saying: "Well, do your best for us, please, Biddy, by eight o'clock, remember," she turned to leave the kitchen.

The cook was melted by this forbearance.

"Don't you fear, ma'am, that you'll not have as dacent a dinner as ever was placed before quality at eight o'clock. Sure and it's I who'd do my best for a grand gentleman like the captain, for 'tis he that always has the kind word and smile for a servant, and many a time he's stood between Larry and the master, when Larry's had the drop too much. See, now," and she got up from her crouching attitude with startling

alacrity, and flung open the door of a larder that was a curiosity by reason of its indescribable muddle, dirt, and high smells. "I was just tasing ye, I was," she said ingratiatingly. "See what I have here! It's this that is the fine leg of mutton, sure, and the soles asking ye to ate them, they're so fresh and beautiful, and the turkey that's been fed in my own daughter's kitchen, where the best turkeys that go into Cork market are reared, and the lobster for the master's salad. Oh, it's not I that have forgotten anything, and ye'll be telling the master so now, won't ye, my lady, and not get poor old Biddy into trouble," she added coaxingly.

"I shall be satisfied with everything so long as Captain Edgecumb is," Jenifer said, backing out of reach of the pungent odours which proceeded from every object, Biddy included, around her. Then Biddy's spirit became buoyant again, and she proceeded to show the "new mistress" to her bedroom, chattering all the way up the dusty stairs with a volubility that made Jenifer long for a return of silent sulks.

The dinner was as good as Biddy in her better mood had promised it should be. And as the table, with its fair display of snow-white napery, brightly-polished silver, and glittering glass, was the only one clean spot Jenifer's eyes had lighted upon since she came into the house, she regarded it with pleasure.

Captain Edgecumb regarded it with pleasure also, from a different point of view. Biddy had not overrated her culinary powers, and the wine, which Larry selected from his master's cellar, did credit to his own taste. In explanation of the secret of his selection, it may be told that he took a fair toll on every bottle he opened for his master's guests, never giving them anything which he did not find good enough for his own drinking.

"This is very pretty and comfortable, isn't it?" said Captain Edgecumb as they sat together at an open window and looked out upon a disorderly garden, rich in the natural beauties of myrtle, sweet-scented verberna, flowering laurel, arbutus-trees covered with fast-ripening berries, and many another of the exquisite evergreens for which the south of Ireland is so justly famous.

"Yes. Why don't they keep it cleaner?" Jenifer assented, and asked.

"Oh, I don't know! Owner's been absent for some time, you know. It used to be all clean and nice enough when

Mrs. O'Connor was here herself to superintend things. If you go the right way to work with these servants, you'll soon have the house like a new pin."

"I'm afraid I shall be a long time finding out the right way," she said brightly. "I shall begin by asking them to use pails of water and disinfecting fluid over everything, not excepting themselves."

"Then you'll huff them, and they'll hate you. If you contemplate making any such injudicious suggestions as that, you had better leave things to me, dear."

"Very well—agreed; if you'll promise that you'll have the place got clean for me," she said gaily.

"And now sing to me, Jenifer," he said, opening a piano and then drawing her towards it with an air of proprietorship.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather not sing till I've rested. My throat is rather sore to-night; to-morrow, probably, I shall be all right."

"But I do mind," he replied with affectionate imperiousness. "I don't mean you to get into the habit of refusing to oblige me by singing when you have no public engagement to fulfil which would necessitate your being careful of your voice."

"If I'm to do anything with it, I must always be careful of it, you know."

"Perhaps I know more about it than you imagine," he laughed, remembering the American actor's prophecy concerning the success she would be sure to make on the dramatic stage with her face and figure, should she even fail as a vocalist.

But Jenifer held to her determination not to sing, feeling as she did that to try her voice in her present weakened and nervous state would be to injure it and do herself scant justice. And her refusal annoyed Captain Edgecumb and caused him to vividly remember that other cause of annoyance which she had given him with regard to Jack and his wife.

"As your mother is so devoted to Jack and his wife, I almost wonder it doesn't occur to her to go and live with them at the home-farm. The trifle she could pay would be of use to them."

"My mother cannot endure Mrs. Jack."

"Why should she have thought the prospect of Mrs. Jack endurable in my house, then, may I ask?"

"Because my mother loves her son, and she can't be kind to him without being kind to his wife also."

"My people won't like being liable to meet Mrs. Jack Ray—you understand that, don't you, dear?"

"I think I understand."

"You're not going to lose your temper because I venture to make a remark about not wishing to have objectionable people at my house, are you, Jenifer?" he asked pleadingly, and though Jenifer felt that it was all pitifully small and wearing, for the sake of the peace that was so dear to her, she allowed herself to be kissed and treated as if she were a very precious but rather unreasonable child.

"We'll have some trout-fishing to-morrow," he said cheerfully, as they went upstairs that night. But on the morrow it rained all day, as it did the day after that, and after that again, without intermission. The fires would not burn by reason of the chimneys being choked with soot. The damp hung in dew-drops on the walls. Larry got wet through with innocent rain while going into Cork for provisions, and wet through with less innocent whisky when he got there. Consequently he returned minus most of the things he had bought, and in a general state of incapacity. The London papers were stale when they reached this secluded shooting-box. The Irish papers did not interest Captain Edgecumb. The piano went dumb in half its notes through the damp. Jenifer caught a virulent sore-throat from the same cause, united with bad drainage. None of the neighbouring gentry were resident. There were scarcely any books in the house. And Jenifer found that the time had not yet arrived when she "could talk to Captain Edgecumb without tennis, or other people."

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